

The history

Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed*.

Vliss. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached
With that which heere his passion doth expresse?

Troy. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well
In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy
With so eternall and so fixt a soule.

Harke Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* loue,
So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:

That sleeue is mine, that heele beare on his Helme:

VVere it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill

My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout

VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constringd in Mass: by the almighty sunne

Shal dizzy with more clamour *Neptunes* eare, in his discent,

Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diomed*.

Thier: Heele ticle it for his concupie.

Troy: O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:

Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,

And theyle seeme glorious.

Vliss: O containe your selfe;

Your passion drawes eares hether.

Aene: I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:

Hektor by this is aiming him in *Troy*:

Ajax your guard stayes to conduct you home.

Troy: Haue with you Prince: my courteous Lord adiew,

Farewell reuoluted faire: and *Diomed*

Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

Vliss. Ile bring you to the gates

Troy. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt Troyl, Eeneas and Vlisses.

Ther. VVould I could meete that roague *Diomed*. I would

croke like a Rauen, I would bode; I would bode: *Patroclus*

will giue me any thing for the inteligence of this whore: the

Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing

else holds fashion. A burning diuell take them. *Exit.*

Enter

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much viigently temperd,

To stop his eares against admonishment:

Vname, vname, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you, get you in,

By all the euerlasting gods Ile go.

And. My dreames will sure prooue ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here sister, arm'd and bloody in intent,

Confort with me in lowd and deere petition,

Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing beene but shapes and formes of slaughter.

Cas. O tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my trumpet sound.

Cres. No notes of fallie for the heauens sweete brother.

Hect. Begon I say, the gods haue heard me sweare,

Cas. The gods are deafe to horte and peemish vowes,

They are pollured offerings more abhord,

Then spotted liuers in the sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,

But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:

Vname sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still I say,

Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate:

Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man,

Holds honor farre more precious deere then life,

Enter Troilus.

How now yong man, meanest thou to fight to day.

And. *Cassandra* call my father to perswade. *Exit Cassan.*

Hect. No faith yong *Troilus*, doffe thy harnesse youth,

I am to day ith' vaine of chiuallrie,

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.

Vname thee go, and doubt thou not braue boy,

L

Ile